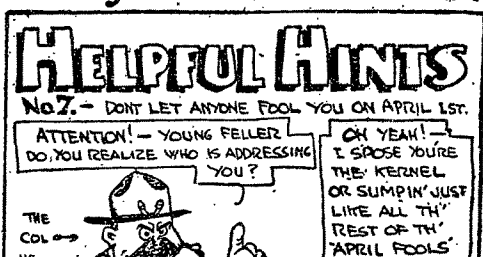
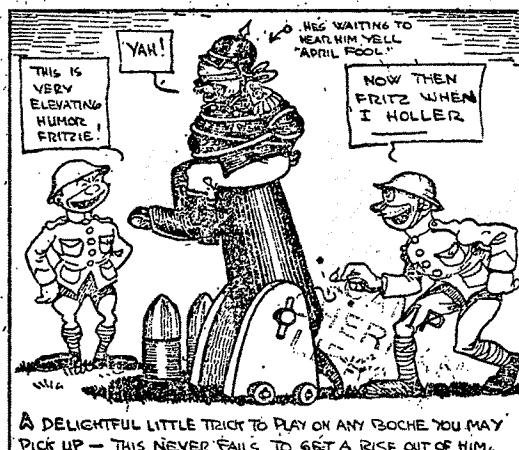
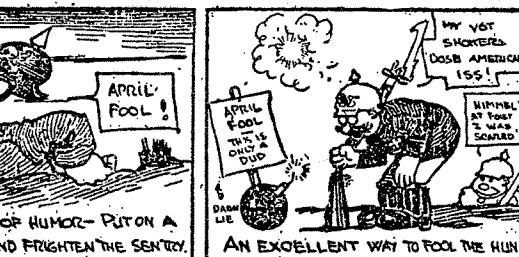
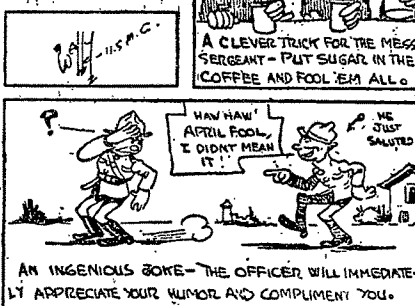


DIES' IST "DER TAG!"

—By WALLGREN

WITH APRIL COMES
"ALL FOOLS DAY"—
TO MAKE THAT DAY A
HOWLING SUCCESS TRY
A FEW OF THESE HARMLESS
LITTLE JOSES ON YOUR
FRIENDS—THEY'LL
APPRECIATE THE SPIRITS

ELSIE ONE OF US
WHILE WAR LASTS

Actress Enlists for Indefinite Tour of A.E.F. Hut Circuit

GOING BIG, SHE DECLARES

One Dress in Wardrobe, and No Maid, but Miss Janis Has Time of Her Young Life

Elsie Janis has enlisted for the duration of the war. Glowing with the memories of her first triumphant tour of the Y.M.C.A. huts, she is determined to dance and sing and give imitations and turn handsprings as there are doughboys in France to provide the most heartwarming audiences she ever has known. From time to time she will make a raid on the commercial theater, but only for brief excursions, and only to replenish the harder and store up enough funds for her to take once again to the greatest circuit of them all—the Y.M.C.A. huts of the A.E.F.

"Of course they may have to retire me for old age if the war runs on forever, but I guess I'll last as long as the Kaiser."

Thus the Playgirl of the Western Front. She was standing in the drawing room of her suite in a Paris hotel looking for all the world like Napoleon in his tent at Marengo, the way she moved pegs over the map of France selecting the next route of her tour.

"I'm playing small time," said Elsie Janis, "but I'm going big."

She is. And she, who has played before the crowds of Europe and the swelled heads of Boston, prefers infinitely to play before the heads that are simply but tastefully adorned with a gas-mask, a shrapnel helmet, a bandage or a monkey hat. She knows this after the wildest barn-storming in a wild career. This month she has done her turn in rougher theaters and slept her sleep in rougher hotels than ever she encountered even in the old days when she was little Elsie, the Infant Phenomenon touring Canada, and playing such bitter memories as Guelph and Aurelia.

First Tour Without a Maid

This expedition along the lines of communication was the first tour she ever made without a maid, the first she ever made with a one-dress wardrobe, a plain, loose-skirted gown that will allow her to kick the ceiling, an item in her act which the doughboys particularly admire. It is the first tour she ever has made without receiving a flood of mailnotes. "They don't take time to write. They just come up and slap me on the back."

And Elsie Janis roared with laughter at the recollection of the eager, jostling audiences. She told about the heaps of "briquets" presented her, "most of which don't burn." She told about the staggering posters she had to face, the executed in red by the company painter to announce her coming. "ELSBIE JANIS, AMERICA'S GREATEST ACTRESS. FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY." She told about singing through the wards of a base hospital where some Americans who had been gassed had died up in the best bathrobes from the linen room just to receive her; and she told of the night at another hospital where the howls of disappointment from the men in the contagious shackles led her to mount a bench and sing through the windows to them.

It is along the way she is bombarded with invitations beseeching her to visit this but not that, perhaps a whole aviation school offering to fly over to the nearest stage if she will meet them there. All along the way extra performances must be given because some soldiers have been crowded out. Once, when 250 officers were baffled by the number of hearing Elsie when only 20 seats had been reserved for them, she solved it by turning their mess into a cabaret and singing for her dinner.

All along the way she has met old friends. That fat sergeant in the second row would turn out to be the ex-property man of a Keith Theatre back home; that young officer standing by the window we would recognize as the actor who played in her company season before last. Of course she is always meeting some of the 11,026 college boys she has known back in America. And every now and again she would be haunted by shades of the past as, when, on asking whom they wanted imitated and expecting the usual demand for such contemporaries as Frank Tinney or Eddie Leonard, she was staggered by a voice from the rear demanding Dan Daly. For a fleeting moment she tried to pretend that Dan was much before her time.

"Oh, I can't do Mr. Daly," she gushed hopefully.

"Oh yes, you can," the voice insisted

BRONX ZOO ON WAR DIET

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, March 21.—War bread has invaded the Bronx Zoo. The bears are now educated to it. The lions refuse to become vegetarians, but condescend to accept worn-out horses instead of port-horse steak.

The other animals are all patriotic, with the exception of the East Indian python, which is still an unenlightened alien and insists on its snaking pig, as usual.

"I seen you do him when you was only ten."

So she did Dan Daly and she did Charley Chaplin, too, though there was a panicky moment when she thought it was out of the question. Then, down in the front row, she spied a French civilian with a little derby hat and a cane, and pouncing on those indispensable properties, she saved the show.

Of course they all join in the singing, thousands of voices roaring in unison with Elsie Janis's. She will teach them one she has written, her most recent verse to her beloved George Cohan's "Over There":

"Over here, over here,
Send the word—send the word, we are here."

And we all are working;
You see we're working—not one is shirking.
Have no fear,
Mother dear, dry that tear,
Soon your worries will all disappear.
We are over—we're glad we're over;
And we won't come back
Till it's over, over here."

Then Taking This One Back

Then they will teach her one of their own, such as this one she has just added to her repertoire:

There's a long, long trail avoiding
To No Man's Land out in France.
Where the shrapnel shells are bursting
But we must advance.
There'll be lots of drills and hiking
Before our dreams all come true.
But we've got to show the Kaiser
What the Yankee boys can do.

And up to her old tricks, she is getting ready a program of American songs done into French by herself. Try this over on your vocabulary:

Je ne veux pas guérir.
Car j'adore ma jolie infirmière.
Chaque matin et chaque soir
Elle m'apporte ma médecine et un peu d'espoir.

Je ne veux pas guérir!
Je ne veux pas guérir!
Hérousement on je suis combattant.
Le docteur dit il craint pour ma condition.

Mais grâce à Dieu j'ai encore des ambitions.
Je ne veux pas guérir!
Je ne veux pas guérir!
Car j'adore ma jolie infirmière.

Elsie Janis is a veteran at this war work, and her performances given free of charge at home and in England and here since the war began number over 400—the equivalent of a whole year's run in Broadway. All the reports about her being booked for an engagement in Paris are idle rumors. She is not booked. She may play there before the summer. If she has her own way she will take over some basement as a music-hall of her own and call it the Elsie Janis Abri. If she does, the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES will attend in a body.

And, be it added, applaud unmercifully.

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Captain —, of the Medical Corps, was host at an informal reception to quite a number of sick and wounded soldiers at his office the other morning. Pills and pellets were tastefully served. The room was tastefully decorated with adhesive tape, festooned from the chandeliers, and with wads of absorbent cotton, the ends being neatly tucked with iodine to make them resemble red-edged carnations.

Walking tours, under the direction of chaplains wearing shoulder-straps, promise to be quite the rage among the younger infantry set these warm spring days.

A stag dance at the flat-foot school is among the eagerly awaited events of the spring season. None of the arch-pounding dances—such as the polka, the barn dance, and others—will be indulged in, but the glides will be featured to a large extent. A discharge from the school will be awarded to the most graceful couple on the floor. It is expected that the entries for the prize waltz contest will be exceedingly numerous.

Many of the nice families represented in the A.E.F. have been sojourning in Aix-les-Bains de late, but severe criticism has been brought down upon the heads of those *vacanciers riches* among them who have flouted their wealth so ostentatiously as to take baths.

THIS TOWN RECALLS
BOOM DAYS OF '49

Grocery Lady Grieves When Americans Move Up to Trenches

POPULATION CUT IN HALF

Eggs Drop From Six to Four Francs a Dozen After a Period of Staggering Business

"Four francs, m'sieu," the portly grocery lady observed, holding out a bag containing the dozen slightly senile eggs—of the class of 1885. I think they were—I was buying for our mess.

I paid hastily, and, with the near-poorly safety in my possession, ventured to inquire why the price was only four francs instead of the six asked for a dozen three days before.

"The American soldiers have gone," she replied. No further explanation was needed.

Part of the infantry of an American division had been billeted in and about the little Lorraine town in which we were quartered. One night, with a degree of mystery worthy of Edgar Allan Poe, these troops marched silently down to the railroad, got aboard freight trains and moved off to the front. The next morning, when I sailed forth to buy eggs, everybody in town knew for a fact that the troops had left. The reduction in the prices of foodstuffs let them into the great secret. As a matter of fact, the townsfolk knew pretty well what was going to happen two days ahead of the actual departure, because the h. e. f. I had already begun to descend. The doughboys were kept too busy to do much shopping during those last 48 hours. And when several thousand American soldiers stop patronizing the commercial establishments of a French town with a normal population of several thousand, the town's trade suffers a mighty acute relapse.

I have known this town since early last summer. When the war correspondent's first came here there had been an American soldier within 500 miles. We lived here for two months before the first units sent to this region for training arrived. During that time American khaki became a common sight by reason of many Americans passing through on their way to other places. But trade remained fairly normal and prices were lower than in Paris or any big provincial city.

Waitress Force More Than Doubled

Until the — Division breezed in upon us in the fall, there were two waitresses and two chambermaids in the principal hotel; now there are five of the former and four of the latter. There were four grocery stores; now there are seven. There was one saleswoman in the cigar store; now there are four and a boy. An officers' club, an ice cream parlor—so-called—a bank and a moving picture theater have all sprung into being since then. All these places, and every other shop, including the quartermaster's stores and the Y.M.C.A. but, have done a staggering business. In a few days the town came to resemble a "boom camp" in the old mining days—with gambling, boozing and other vices strictly eliminated.

Then, almost overnight, the "boom" aspect disappeared. The narrow old streets suddenly ceased to resound with the tramp of the doughboys' trench boots. At the crossings an olive drab M.P., worthy disciple of the traffic controllers of Broadway and Fifth Avenue, no longer maintained discipline among lumbering trucks and laughing staff cars. He and the trucks and the staff cars had all moved away up the long road to No Man's Land. The town, which if not wholly American, had been at any rate fifty-fifty Franco-American for months,

ETIQUETTE HINTS
FOR DOUGHBOYS

Questions Answered

By BRAN MASH

A.S.—Yes, it is nothing to be ashamed of if you salute Red Cross officers by mistake. Lots of them work just as hard as your officers—even if they don't work you. Besides, if the Old Abe is on your hats, you've got no choice, as far as we can see.

B.L.—In seating guests at a mess-shack table, they should be arranged from left to right, in order of seniority, the senior-most man present being at the head of the table, and vice versa. Seniority is established (a) by rank; (b) by lines in the face; (c) by whiskers. When in doubt, play the whiskers. Veterans of the Seminole wars take precedence over the veterans of the Creek wars, veterans of the Creek wars take precedence over participants in the Apache campaigns, and so on down the line. Veterans of the campaigns along the Brandywine, of the siege of Fort Pitt (later known as Pittsburgh), and of Fort Duquesne, and members of the Original Daniel Boone Expeditionary Force outrank all others.

JAZZ IN BARRACKS

I can stand their hiking and their firing on the range.
I can walk a lonesome post or do K.P.;
Nothing in this army life to me is new or strange,
I'm as seasoned and as hardened as can be.

Yet, with all my boasted toughness there is one thing I can't stand,
Though over all of Europe I may roam;
When a ham piano-artist bangs the box to beat the band,
Playing jazz—oh, gee! It's then I long for home!

For that raggy stuff reminds me of the dances I have had,
Of the parties in the good old U.S.A.;
There is something that makes me happy, but there's more that makes me sad,
And it haunts me all the night and all the day.

Oh, it's jazz, jazz, jazz, till my nerves are on the frazz,
From a-trying to forget what it recalls;
I try to flee the sound, but it follows me around,
And re-echoes from the barracks' stony walls.

When at night I seek my quarters just before the sound of taps,
There's sure to be some mandolin a-playing,
And the ginger of its music calls to mind the drums and traps,
And, before I know it, off again I'm swaying!

I can hear the talk and laughter, I can see the lights ablaze,
I can feel a woman's hand within my own arm;
And, in spite of hoboified brogans, once again I've got the craze
For the dancing game—then, wingo! Taps is blown!

Yet that raggy stuff pursues me through the watches of the night;
It sadly interrupts a soldier's dreams; I try to . . . it from me, but I cannot lose it quite.
For it links me with America, it seems. Oh, it's rag, rag, rag till my brain is all a-fuzz
From a-trying to throw off its haunting spell;
It is tantalizing stuff—and I never get enough—
And the homesickness it gives me won't get well!

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E. R.—If the O.D. breaks in on an informal supper party after taps, by all means invite him to sit down and have a bite. If one does not do so, he is apt to get the idea that his presence is unwelcome.

X.Y.—You say she has red hair. Then DON'T see her one of those pink embroidered bandolier caps such as they sell in the lace-knitting provinces of France. She'll be off you for life if you do!

N.B.—Sure, always salute and thank the paymaster. You might even ask him to come again, now that he's found the way.

Z.G.—When meeting a Boche in the dark, the proper salutation is "Geben Sie! Mach' schnell!" To emphasize it, press the bayonet firmly against his midriff. If he declines the invitation to give himself up, advance the bayonet. He will expect it, and one should not disappoint him.

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